stop any time he wants to. He cannot.

The Philistines have bound him hand

and foot, and shorn his locks, and put

out his eyes, and are making him grind

in the mill of a great horror. He cannot

stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them He would

family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Per-

haps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had

and died a Christian death; but there

is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a

feeling of such a man as that, when

THEIR HEALTH GOES TOO.

suffers from the loss of physical health.



DR. TALMAGE IN HIS SERMON SAYS IT IS DRUNKENNESS.

Helena, M. T., Aug.; .—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" If Kings x, 10, he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to lind out

I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the king comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side emphasis, "Who slew all these?" We have, my friends, lived to see a

the gate, he cries out, with a ringing more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devas tation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this counanything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain, or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation, I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject-they slew

THE SORROWS AND THE DOOM OF THE I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my breth-ren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying, "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, very merry? Ah, there is, down in the deaths of their soul, a the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but very heavy weight. Do not wonder when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if

not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands. I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment no such place as hell. people make over those slain by strong is. He is there now! drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated-he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mon until he came creased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about

the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home! HIS GOOD NAME MELTS AWAY. The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name, if he real destroy a man's good name, if he real noise!" But it is effectual only for maintains his integrity. If a man a moment, for as soon as is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants be proved, then what employer wants him for workman, what store wants him for workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust Smother me. Strangle me. Take the him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a on last night while you slept, and I brilliant ancestry cannot save him. tell you further that this is going to The world shies off. Why? It is be the death that some of you will die whispered all through the community, I know it. I see it coming. "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now drink has mastered him, he will do achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion bondage. How many homes have by going in and out of immoral places, been broken up in that way, no one or by any odor of your breath, or by but God knows.

strong drink, all is gone,

BE RESPECTS HIMSELE NO MORE.

n be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, suffers is that of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how ing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities today little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches today, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh rum! thou foe reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor When a man is nine-texths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can

WORST OF ALL, HIS SOUL IS LOST. But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and sands of dollars to Bible societies and chalice of eternal fires will the hot

reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very gener-draught? No one to brew it. No one He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which ances was, "I can stop at any time."
He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, what excitement it would make there. THE TERRIBLE CRAVING FOR DRINK.

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow light until to-morrow let the drop be very small if of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear the lost inebriate in the lost world, and cut them off now." I have a dear the lost inebriate in the lost world, and cut the lost inebriate in the lost world. came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the ed, and a glass of wine sat on the control of the damned: "Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be is a sad thing for a man to wake the absence of holiness; I think it will up in this life and feel that he be the absence of strong drink. Oh! be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life

the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

A WORD TO THE VICTIMS.

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a serpent and the say of the sa mon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault al-ready. I want to say to those who are caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the victims of strong drink, that while the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy!"

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by his grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their tes-timony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somechurches and in reformatory institu-tions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in pub-lic, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? the holy wine on sacramental days! Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament-when he and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God he will help you, by his grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there I go on, and say that the inebriate within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been cap-

Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lect-ures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He tured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet today, may that had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong decanter flash out upon you. Beware! drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison and pulls at him with every torture. beware of that which has already ex-erted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a pre-monition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunk-ard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of im-What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his mid night pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut -he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices

prophecies of the resurrection. God

what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's

Sergt Arabin, at one time commissioner of the Old Bailey, or Central criminal court, in London, was a

most eccentric man, both as to ideas and in the expression of them. The author of "Bench and Bar" says that,

in sentencing a prisoner convicted of

stealing property from his employer, he made the surprising statement: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there

was a clearer case than this of a man

robbing his master, this case is that

Again, in passing judgment on a middle aged man, undeniably guilty, he said, "It is in my power to subject

you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life; but the court, in its mercy,

sepulchert

HIS HOME IS RUINED. Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal will not go as far as it logically might, and the sentence is that you be trans-ported for two periods of seven years each."

any glare of our eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink all is good drink all is good drink all is concentrated energies of my soul, I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I light punishment, he used the words: hate it. Do you tell me that a men "Prisoner at the bar, there are mittered."

induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost."

"My good man," he one day said to a witness "don"

a witness, "don't go gabbling on so. Hold your tongue and answer the "I visited the comme question that is put to you." This peculiar advocate prided him-self on his memory of faces, and the result was that he often claimed acquaintance with rogues.
"This is not the first time

"This is not the first time I have seen your face, young gentleman," he said one day to a boy who had been found guilty of larceny, "or that you have seen mine. You know that we

"No," said the boy, beginning to whimper, "it's the first time I was ever here, your worship."
"Don't tell me that," said Arabin. "Don't tell me that," said Arabin.
"I can't be deceived. Your face is very familiar to me. Jailer, do you know anything of this youngster?"

"Oh yes, my lord," was the reply. "He's a very bad boy, a constant associate of thieves. He's been very badly brought up, my lord. He lives in a most disreputable place."

"Ah," said Arabin, "I knew I was right! I was quite sure your face was right! I was quite sure your face was well known to me."—Youth's Com-

James Leonard, president of the New Orleans Typographical union, is a typo in The Times-Democrat office. On Friday, July 5, Mr. Leonard began his week's work. He was offered no special opportunities to make a great record opportunities to make a great record (or, in typographical parlance, a "big string") by setting up easy matter ("fat takes," as the printer puts it), but worked on the regular "file," which contains the general run of matter that appears in The Times-Democrat's columns. The type used in the office is brevier, agate and nonpareil, the latter largely predominating. The agate largely predominating. The agate measures 30 ems to a line, the nonpareil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven reil 25. Mr. Leonard worked seven and a half hours a day for seven consecutive days, and on Thursday night last, when he cast up his "string," it was disclosed that he had set up just 102,800 ems, an average of 14,685 ems a day, or 1,941 ems an hour. And he made few errors; his "proof" was good. In doing this feat Mr. Leonard set 20% 600 letters and returned the set 205,600 letters and returned the traveled by his arm was about 125 Leonard was born in Keokuk in 1858. -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The cats that have been running wild in the immediate vicinity of Lake Amelia, near this city, are creating consternation among the residents of that locality. Nils Strand died at St. Barnabas' hospital Friday of hydro-phobia, the result of a bite by a cat. Jacob Hanson, the camp cook, was also severely bitten by this same cat upon the foot at the same time. He is now suffering a good deal, and his friends fear he will die of hydrophobia as Strand did. Health Officer Kilvington went to Lake Amelia Saturday and exterminated several cats and does. exterminated several cats and dogs, but he falled to find the cat that had bitten Strand and Hanson.—Minne-apolis Journal.

The Modern Waste of Health. Our elaborate code of bylaws for the suppression of holiday recrea-tions can still be circumvented by the resources of cpulence, and the well known hopelessness of any other ex-pedient has stimulated a race for wealth which does not hesitate to attain its object at any risk of social or sanitary consequences. The number of infants which the superstition of the Ammonites sacrificed to Moloch is a mere trifle compared with the multitude of children now devoted to a far more cruel fate by being literally drudged to death in crowded factories to enable a millionaire to save a few dimes on his weekly pay roll and add

vice, and the saints who contribute thousands to insure the theological soundness of the Quaggalla Hottentots do not care enough for the physical health of their own countrymen to whisper a word against the lawfulness of the Infamous traffic.—F. L. Oswald. M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

It is not easy for us to comprehend and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten books of judgment are open, and ten white man is at first regarded has worn off by familiarity that the sayage is in ing to the Levukan cemetery we know you are men like ourselves."

Companion.

But if I have come from the country, I hain't goin' to be sassed by any such little feller as you!" The cashier, restraining a smile, aid, gravely:

"You must prove your identity, sir, before I can cash your check." "But" (this in a tone of triumph) "it says 'payable to my order,' and I order it paid! You can't get around that, young man—I order it paid!"

Just then some one who knew him came in, and the old farmer departed with his money.—Yorkville (S. C.)

BETWIXT BEAR AND PRECIPICE.

PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

The following story is told by Mr. W. H. Minerey, who has returned "I visited the commencement of the

Young Harris institute. Having enjoyed the exercises, I decided to take a trip through the mountains on foot, and, being unable to persuade any one to accompany me, proceeded alone. By the time the sun had reached its zenith I had left the waving fields of grain behind and was among the mountains. I sat down upon a flat rock by the side of a streamlet, which murmured by, dashing down a little shoal just below.

"Here, after resting a short time, I pursued my journey and traveled on until 2 o'clock, when I saw to my

right a mountain towering high above, its summit almost kissing the sky. I decided to ascend.

but by the aid of my walking cane one, sir, is mediocre, while I find the and pulling to the vines, grass and bushes, I soon succeeded in reaching near the top. But I was much confused when I saw another perpendicular cliff, about twelve feet high, still above, shutting in on all sides. Looking around for some way to escape

of it and proceed without difficulty, as the surface was almost level for some distance above, and overgrown with weeds and shrubbery about waist high.

"I leaned back against the cliff to rest and view the country, when I suddenly heard a rustling behind, and quickly turning was horrifled to see a huge, shaggy bear approaching. Rising on his haunches he began growl." Evidently not if you have. What is your object in detaining me?"

"Simply this, sir. Your name is Woodford, my own humble cognermen is also Woodford. We may be no relation, but I take an interest in anybody bearin' my name. You are in Wall street, an' today you are making money with both hands—to-morrer you may be flat on your back. If you ever get down remember, you have a miles. This record is the best made in New Orleans since the war. Mr. distance above, and overgrown with

"To throw myself down the precipice would be an easier death than to be torn to pieces—but that would be suicide. The monster was within ten feet of me. I fell upon my knees, not to pray, but to escape the sight of the monster. In order to put into effect the stratagem upon which I had fallen, I jerked off my coat and hat and placed them upon my cane. By this time the bear was almost ready to leap upon me. I pitched out my cane with the

embrace.

"In the height of ecstasy I called out, 'Good-by, old fellow. Take good care of my coat and hat, I will go down after them after a bit.'

"I leaped to the top of the cliff in the colored Sunday school convention."

The Rev. Thomas Cole, pastor of the East Dallas Street M. E. church at Houston, is in the city attending the colored Sunday school convention.

The Rev. Mr. Cole is the victim of a very peculiar freak of nature, and

car conductors in this town for some ginning to turn, making him a very weeks by a simple contrivance. One conspicuous object. would approach a car from either side He being natural weeks by a simple contrivance. One would approach a car from either side and appear as total strangers. Both would crowd into the center of the rear platform, and the one farthest from the collector would hand him a half dollar or dollar to hand to the conductor. The latter, in the hurry and crowd, would take little notice of it, but, guided by the impression conveyed by his fingers, would return the correct change. A minute afterward and has never suffered the least physical and has nev to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I today, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exercted its influence, upon your family.

It is not until the awe with which the white has a worm of by familiarity that the savage is in a frame of mind to realize and admit what his thoughts have been. The author of "Coral Lands" was able to get at the sentiments of the Polyne sians, and he reports them as follows:

A roke teld up that at one time the A roke told me that at one time the Fijians considered the whites gods or immortals, "but since," he added, "we know you do die and go there" - point in the figure of harded him. A few blocks farther both "strangers" would alight and work the next conductor.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Louis Globe-Democrat.

moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of
the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance
of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would
make you think of the blood of the
soul, and the foam on the top of the
soul, and the foam on the top of the
the maniae's lip, and you would go
home from this service and kneel
down and pray God that, rather than
your children should become captives
of this will habit, you would like to
carry them out some bright spring
day to the cemetery and put them
away to the last sleep, until at the call
of the south wind the flowers would
one remarked to me, "If you were to
carry them out some bright spring
day to the cemetery and put them
away to the last sleep, until at the call
of the south wind the flowers would
one remarked to me, "If you were to
carry them out some bright spring
day to the cemetery and put them
away to the last sleep, until at the call
of the south wind the flowers would
one remarked to me, "If you were to
carry them out some bright spring
day to the cemetery and put them
away to the last sleep, until at the call
of the south wind the flowers would
one remarked to me, "If you were to
carry then out some bright spring
day to the cemetery and put them
as a balm for such a wound; but

The new factors.

The one sovereign remedy for the
big dogs—mastiffs, St. Bernards and
setters. Who can ttell? Another gencatually dogs enterly obsolete. The
many the mortil own the full blaze of amazonian
progress may render the entire classes
that nosed, weak eyed, long haire
any the morbid worries and
anxieties that beset the man or woman
artisits the full blaze of amazonian
progress may render the entire classes
at nosed, weak eyed, long haire
and to work every
the mortil of the wind the mortil own the morti

Color treatment has lately been suggested for various forms of mental derangement—bright crimson surroundings for melancholia, soft blue for maniacial excitement, and so on. The report which has reached us leaves much to be desired from a scientific cashier said to him, as politely as possible:

"I don't know you, sir. You must get identified."

"That's my name thar," replied the stranger, curtly. "Jonathan Windam."

"Yes, but I don't know you."

"Yes, but I don't know you."

"No, didn't suppose you did, young man; I never was introduced to you. But if I have come from the country.

But if I have come from the country.

"I denote the desired from a scientific stranger curtly. "Jonathan Windam."

"Yes, but I don't know you."

" titude, and, by hope deferred, favors a general feeling of misanthropy. Pessimism flourishes in the autumnal and winter seasons, optimism in spring and summer, even though the statistics of death from suicide show an increase in bright weather. To restate a belief in the remedial value of color is merely to insist upon the therapeutic effects of change, since, in advising change of seene, brightness and interest are always the objects sought. No one would recommend a course of fogs as an alternative for sunshine. It other words, stimulants, and the paris salon this year. Of this number 307 send oil pictures, 120 appear as exhibitors at the Paris salon this year. Of this number 307 send oil pictures, 120 appear as exhibitors and modelers, 404 send water color drawings and pastels, while 65 appear as etchers, engravers and lithographers. Among the entire number six third class medals and fourteen honorable mentions have the subjects well known to the upper ten of the Twenty-fourth ward of Brooklyn, and is handsome. For a long time she shaved herself, but finally she was introduced to me through a friend of such that the five might be called one, was burned, and still it especially the color of the most extensive deposit of rock salt which has yet been found. course of fogs as an alternative for sunshine. It other words, stimulants, as a rule, are more valuable than de-pressants.—Boston Herald.

otel men of this state forme ociation in 1887, largely to

w. D. Garrison, of the association, says that in one year before it was formed the proprietors of the Astor house had to pay for fourteen gold watches stolen from guests, and he himself at the Grand Union had to pay for seven gold watches. But since the organization of the hotel men they have not suffered any raids from sneak thieves, and Mr. Garrison did not since have to pay for a single gold watch.—New York Tribune.

"Have you seen, Ben, that Shake-speare's 'Hamlet' is said to have been writ by Bacon?" asked Raleigh. "Ha! ha!" laughed Jonson. Will of Stratford's shrewd."

"Ay, shrewd. He started this himself, to advertise his play."-Harper's Magazine.

STANDING BY THE FAMILY.

decided to ascend.

"I had not proceeded far when a perpendicular cliff about seventy-five feet in height confronted me, but I decided to flank it and pursue my way. Turning to the right, I came to a place where the cliff was more slanting, and here and there grew a few vines should apply the straw hat with both hands. He was coming down the front steps of a Madivines should apply the straw hat with both hands. He was coming down the front steps of a Madivines should apply the straw hat with both hands. the crevices. I began the last of climbing, which I found difficulty in accomplishing, and was soon apprised of the fact that when once up I would not be able to descend at that place,

above, shutting in on all sides. Looking around for some way to escape from this prison into which I had rambled, I was delighted to see a narrow passage leading out above the first cliff which had impeded my progress. Taking this narrow passage, which was the only way to escape, I had not proceeded far until I discovered that the upper cliff became nearer and nearer to the edge of the lower one.

nearer to the edge of the lower one, more suspiciously and went up two until the passage disappeared.

"I had gone about fifty feet, where the passage was about four feet wide, and was directly over the frightful precipice below; but the cliff above had gradually become lower, till it was about breast high where I was, and I could with ease suring to the ton.

"Evidently not if you have. What

huge, shaggy bear approaching. Rising on his haunches he began growling, shrugging his shoulders, and showing his white teeth and ugly claws, as it were, to make known what I had to meet. There I was with no weapons save a walking cane and a penknife. There was no hope in flight. To retreat was death; to go forward the same.

"To throw powelf down the precision of the communication of

me. I pitched out my cane with the turned to-morrow-not later. Do not coat and hat upon it, as if it were myself making a spring to get away. The
bear, with a roar, made a clumsy leap
at them, and over the precipice he
went, carrying coat and hat in his

above, and, going around some distance, got down there at last and found the bear had no further use for the coat and hat.

"I went to a house some miles distant and told the man about what had that and told the man about what had the coat and told the tant and told the man about what had happened. He told me to make myself at home and he, getting up some others, went for the bear. They came in next morning with him and gave me the skin, which I shall keep all my life, and dying, mention it in my will, bequeathing it as a rich legacy to my posterity."—Atlanta Constitution. Two men made good wages off street white than black, and his face is be-

correct change. A minute afterward the other man would look up meekly and ask if that wasn't a half dollar or this peculiar freak that nature is play-

while the gynnasium-physical-culture-tennis-baseball girls, with tough mus-cles and natural waists, affect only the

Why He Retired Prematurely. It was the absent minded man who said: "I went home and lighted my candle, but before going to bed I thought I would smoke a cigar. I looked everywhere for a match, but as I could not find one I blew out my

possessed of the most extensive deposit of rock salt which has yet been found on the American continent. The salt was first discovered at Goderich about twenty years ago, at a depth of 3,010 feet, by a boring which was made for petroleum. The salt measures extend over an area of 1,200 square miles.

she shaved herself, but finally she was introduced to me through a friend of mine—a lady customer—and ever since that time I have shaved her regularly twice a week "—New York Mercury.

About the Care Dwellers.

The alleged discovery of cave dwellers. now living in the chiefs of the

LULLABY. into my chamber blew the wind, And merry was he there to see me, B-cause at thee I had been looking. When thou wilt see thy dying enem Thou wilt remember death; And then send back a loving look At life, as thou of death art thinking Thou hast to wander on the du

Where they wax thirsty; And thou shalt sleep beneath the tent Where they feel cold; And glorious is thy lot, As engle's lot and sunshine, One lifts one head to look at them Thou shalt remember not The maiden's girdle, Nor yet their eyes; And thou to them shalt say "I must away." For thou shalt be a soldier

ark thee, my child Into my chamber flew the wind, And morry was the wind to see me, Because at thee I had been looking; But thou did'st notice not The wind's high glee, As thou wert listening to my song Thou hast not seen the wind's great glee. As thou wast listening to my song. And I will sing to theo About the soldiers' bands Who marched away last night, Whose parting we did honor, To feel their footfall earth was proud

and thou shalt be a soldier, too, my child, That earth may love thee, too, and More levely grows the corn upon the fields. As soon as the rain doth fall; But earth requireth blood as well, And therefore I give thee to earth. Thou shall grow up so brave a soldier. His veil of fog to contemplate thee

And mover will I weep over thy lot, Nor over all the days that were not thine Earth! Unto thee I give my child -Carmon Sylva in Sunny Hour By observing as closely as possible he following "lets" the number of nomes "to let" will be materially de-

Let each allow the other to Let each consult the other's feelings. Let each realize the fact that they

Let the husband frequent his home. not the club. Let his having "to see a man' ill next day. Let his latch key gather unto itself ust from misu-Let him speak to his wife, not yell Let him be as courteous after mar-

riage as before. Let him confide in his wife; their nterests are equal. Let him assist 200 in beautifying the Let him appreciate her as his part-

Let her not worry him with petty Let her not fret because Mrs. Neigh-

bor has a sealskin. Let her make her home more pleasant than the club. Let her dress as tastefully for him as strangers. Let her sympathize with him in ousiness cares. Let her home mean love and rest:

not noise and strife. Let her meet him with a kiss; not a frown.—New York Mail and Express.

People who are deeply interested in business" are sometimes accused of talking "shop," and bringing ques-tions of trade into the parlor. A certain author has a son, Rob, who is greatly interested in traffic, and who, when he is not "swapping" an article, is conjuring up some other possibility

One day Rob was walking with his father, when an acquaintance met them, and asked, "H—, where can I get the last book you published?"
"At any book store," was the an-swer. "Buy it, do, and increase the

"And how much of that fifty do you get-ten? No, I can't think of

contributing to your support to that "Pa," whispered Rob, nudging his father's elbow, 'ask him if he wouldn't rather split the difference—give you five cents, and not read the book at all!"—Youth's Companion.

It is probable that there is not a man, woman or child in Georgia who never heard the song "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by." It is a jolly plantation ballad, used by serenading parties in the rural districts until it has be-

its novelty wore off, and it was established as a fixture in the song ser-vice of the church. It is one of the most popular songs of the church now, and a tune that would have been regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath a few weeks ago is now whistled on Sundays in good taste.—Macon Tele-

The case of Mrs. Miller, the Flushing lady who died and bequeathed to her barber \$500, brings out some curi-

mountains in Mexico needs confirma tion. The fact, if a fact, overturns all existing theories as to the antiquities of our country. Still, we must remember that the lake dwellers, who were supposed to be long extinct, were found by Lieut. Cameron to have successors in kind in Africa. Schwatka claims that there are from 8,000 to 12,000 cave dwellers to be found living in every way as their ancestors did long before the present predominant races were known. They are armed with bows, arrows and stone hatchets. It is, in fact, a survival of the Stone age with the Nineteenth century. The persistence of the habits and manners of different stages of civilization is just beginning to be comprehended.—
Bt. Louis Globe-Democrat.

> The horses on some of the stage routes in Nevada are trained to wear saow shoes. After an animal become used to them he can travel four or five miles an hour, where it would be in possible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, and measure about 9 by 11 inches. The horses are shod with long heel calks, which go through the snow shoes and prevent their slip-

THE CIGARS WE SMOKE.

They are Made of Tobacco Because Stained
Paper Is Too Dear to Use.

There is quite a common belief that
the cheap cigars, of which there is an
immense sale in this city, are made
largely of paper stained to resemble
tobacco. Whatever foundation there
may have been for this allegation
some years ago it is certain, says the
dealer, that there is nothing of the
kind going on now.

kind going on now.

The best proof of this, they claim, is furnished by the fact that there is not now any necessity for such a subterfuge, as the cheapest straw paper, the only kind that could be used, cannot be bought and put through the necessary chemical process as cheaply as natural leaf tobacco can be.

The cheap cigars are, of course, made

The cheap cigars are, of course, made of domestic tobacco, and the cheaper the cigar the poorer the quality of tobacco. The odor of the cheap cigar is about the only objection to be made against it, and this comes from the important description. perfect development of the leaf. No process of curing will impart the agreecome with growth, cannot be satisfactorily supplied by artificial means.

It is true that various harmless properties may be used to make a properties may be used to

erties may be used to impart a pleasing flavor, but to the man who knows the taste of a good cigar the artifice is at once apparent, and to his taste is nauscating. Besides, that kind of fragrance is short lived. It lasts only as long as the natural moisture of the leaf, and dampening the cigar cannot restore it.

restore it.

There is a considerable prejudice among connoisseurs against all kinds of domestic tobacco. But we are growing an excellent quality of leaf in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Ohio and Connecticut. It is true that even the best domestic tobacco contains at least 10 per cent. of nicotine, while the Cuban leaf has not more than 5 per cent. It must be conceded also that the Cuban tobaccos have a more delicate aroma than the domestic, and when one becomes accustomed to smoking it then nothing else can satisfy his taste.

The acknowledged superiority of the Cuban goods comes from the peculiar soil of that country rather than from the climate. It is particularly noticeable that the crops from Vuelta Abajo and Semi Vuelta, two districts lying in the southwest of the island, are particularly fine and cannot be rivaled anywhere. anywhere.

This portion of Cuba is subject to heavier freshets than any other, and all the refuse washed in these becomes mingled with the earth, and tends to improve the fertility of the ground. Receding to the north, the quality is not so good, but a comparatively fine product comes from the Mancaraugua, Remedios and Partidos plantations in that territory. The poorest leaf, which is thick, strong and ugly, comes from Tara, in the southeastern part of the island, but very little of that finds its way to this country and for this way. way to this country, and for this we may be thankful, as smoking it has the effect of dulling the senses and feel-ings.—New York News.

There are no class and caste and rank distinctions and no coat-of-arms to entitle a man to the name of gen-tleman in America. Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Dinkinspeil, or Mr. Fla-herty, if successful in business, can tion ballad, used by serenading parties in the rural districts until it has become the midnight reverie of the sleeping citizens in many places. During a recent revival in the Methodist church at Milledgeville its tune was introduced to that sublime hymn, "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," with a refrain, "By and By We'll See the King." Night after night this new interpretation rang out from the hundreds of throats that attended the services, causing a smile to those who saw its comical side, until its novelty wore off, and it was the serviced of the services and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coators are the coats of arms means nothing in this council, or arrivage doors and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coat of arms means nothing in this council to put coats-of-arms on their carriage doors and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coat of arms means nothing in this council to put coats-of-arms on their carriage doors and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coat of arms means nothing in this council to put coats-of-arms on their carriage doors and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coat of arms means nothing in this council to put coats-of-arms on their carriage doors and table service, and there is nothing to prevent them. The coat of arms means nothing in this council to put coats-of-arms on their carriage doors and table service, and table service.

entitled to the name "gentleman" in the best and truest significance of the word, as it enters into the life of the republic; and in the most sumptuous mansions can be found cads who claim the name because their fathers grew rich in peddling pelts. To be called a gentleman is the proudest triumph a man can win, and to deserve it is to "act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Cincinnati Commercial.

in the middle of dinner, "My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case!" This tary man. Was that the case!" This has been spoken of, naturally enough, as exhibiting "the American impudence or ignorance" of Gen. Grant.

The New York Herald (London edition) points out that there was neither imfor Gentlemen and Lodies. udence nor ignorance in Gen. Grant's uestion. What Gen. Grant meant to

was so near it that the two might be called one, was burned, and still it escaped. Last winter several buildings were burned just agross the street. Whether this not very pretentious looking structure is spersu for the good it has done or that which it is yet to do, The Observer does not undertake to say. It must have a reputation as a first class risk among underwriters.— Lewiston Journal.



Wolff's ACME Blacking It makes them look like new; and my shoes, also dressed with it, hold their pollsh under the rubber, even should the snow creep in. It saves the leather and waterproofs it; and my husband says it is just as good for HARNESS as for Shoes WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.





lays Inflammation, IT had the Sores,



FIGS OF CALIFORNIA Combined with the medicin virtues of plants known to l most beneficial to the humo system, forming an agreeab and enertive laxative to permanently care Habitual Const-pation, and the many ills dpending on a weak or inactive condition of the

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS It is the most excellent runnedy known to CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY

Every one is using it and all as delighted with it. ASK YOUR DHUGGIST FOR STRUP OF FIGH MANUFACTURED ONLY BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP C



W. L. DOUGLAS The story told by Sir William Fraser about a question which Gen. Grant addressed at Apsley house to the second Duke of Wellington is susceptible, it seems, of satisfactory explanation. It is incredible that, using the words in their ordinary sense, as one would understand them in England, Gen. Grant should have said, during a pause in the solid of the so

MAY & SONS PULASKI. EZELL, CARTIER & Cos

ELKTON.

